



Freed-Hardeman College  
Henderson, Tennessee 38340

## PERSPECTIVE

Literary Club Publication of May 3, 1977 BELL TOWER

### The Presence of God

by Gwen Rogers

I stood near a towering tree  
And saw before me  
A green carpet of earth  
Interrupted by the flow  
Of a rippling brook.  
In it reflected the  
Spacious sky.  
And I felt the presence of God.

I saw a small child  
Toddle from the guiding arms  
Of his father into  
The opened arms  
Of a loving mother.  
He giggled at his  
Accomplishment.  
And I felt the presence of God.

I walked by a city park  
And saw the tired  
Feeble body of a  
Gray-headed man  
Sitting on a nearby bench.  
Though ragged and poor,  
He cast a smile my way  
And I felt the presence of God.

I sat in worship  
Listening to words of Truth  
And watched the glowing  
Faces around me as we  
Opened our mouths in song.  
I bowed my head  
To the words of prayer  
And I felt the presence of God.

## Rogers named Poet of Year

Two poems, "I Felt the Presence of God" and "Light a Candle", gave Miss Gwen Rogers first place in this year's poetry contest.

Gwen is a sophomore from Germantown, Tennessee. She is an art major and plans to transfer to Harding College this fall.

In addition to her activities with the poetry group (last year, she was first runner-up in the contest), Gwen is president of the Art Guild and vice president of the Civinettes. She is also involved in several theatre activities.



Beatrice Angelo names Gwen Rogers the Poet of the Year.

Poetry is a means of expression which encompasses the universe in the fewest words possible. Often one thought can echo many hours of concentration. Poetry, though often not appreciated, is one of our finest contributions to mankind.

These poets whose labors are displayed in these few pages reveal their inner-most thought to you, the reader. We of the Literary club hope you are enriched by their efforts.

Beatrice Angelo-Sponsor John Staten, Editor

### Light a Candle

by Gwen Rogers

He is a candle  
Whose wick is cool,  
Standing tall and proud  
But useless  
Because he spreads no  
Warmth to his house.

He is in the window  
To be seen by  
Passing souls  
Who complimented his  
Beauty, yet he gives  
Nothing in return.

Across the room  
Lies a match  
That if sparked  
And given to the candle  
Could ignite a flame that would  
Spread warmth and comfort.

But to lead him  
To his source  
He needs but one thing  
To light the core  
Of his very being:  
A willing hand.

### Yesterday's Memories

by John Staten

Yesterday,  
A child raced a purple tricycle  
Two steps before golden curls.  
He built mansions  
From Texas to Wyoming  
With only a hoe handle  
And a gentle friend.  
Often, he cried when fantasy  
Failed to materialize.  
In heart, he never left Charleston;  
He never matured  
Beyond those soft golden curls  
That gently swayed his mind  
Into a childlike haven  
Where only he and his purple friend  
Could survive in such a cold, cruel world.

### The Poet's God

by John Staten



JOHN STATEN

People say you have a heart of golden stakes,  
Yet I see a face of eternal joy.  
Like the stars that shine so far away  
Most see only your glimmer.  
Not the part that can melt  
A rose petal with a tear.  
Nor echo the sweetest chime.  
Often, you have led me astray  
Trying to sway me into  
A meter, or a couplet  
That was fashionable  
In Keats, Shelly, and Byron's day.  
Yet, you are the poet's god;  
The judge casting the sheep from the goats.  
Although I try to please them,  
I must confess conformity  
Never won me a prize.  
So, if I can be one of the least  
And march to a different drummer-  
Pass me with Frost and others,  
And the rest that received their reward.  
Do not wish me harm  
By blunt honesty and my tactless charm-  
For I know the poet's god.  
If I pass into that promised land  
Still walking a step behind the rest  
I will sing of angel's tunes and  
Join the poet's band.  
Today, do not judge my faith  
By my mere past works alone;  
I can redeem myself;  
I can scream with emotion.  
I can echo images that will match  
Even Homer's eyes.  
Believe me, my god;  
Do not pass me by-  
I am not ripe today,  
But tomorrow, I will outshine  
Even the pagan's eyes.



## Freedom's Plains

by Richard Roland

You're proud of your liberty  
To think as you like.  
But you think not to fight  
To keep your self free,  
and those who come after.

Why?  
Why do you deny  
The duty you have  
To fight, if needs be, die,  
For this country,  
your country,  
To which you owe so much?  
Your Roots, your Freedom  
Are planted in her plans,  
Made fertile with heroes' blood.

## The Clock Shop

by Randal Matheny

The morning air is crisp and cold;  
It chills a passerby  
Who early in the daylight stirs,  
The sun not risen high.

The morning is fresh, the air is sweet  
With the smell of baker's bread;  
Preparing his goods before the town  
Arises from its bed.

The clockmaker across the narrow street  
(Where feet make not a sound)  
Rises early again to prepare for work  
In the antique German town.

He winds the keys and pulls the chains  
To his clocks large and small;  
His bent form stretches to reach the highest  
Hanging from the top of the wall.

Then to the works which need attention  
He gives them all his care;  
Swiftly, deftly diagnosing,  
He makes a sure repair.

As the streets begin to bustle with life,  
As he has a thousand times,  
He opens the door as his fathers before --  
The shop cuckoos and chimes.



RANDAL MATHENY



RICHARD ROLAND

## Fallout

by Richard Roland

Silence, like smog,  
Pervades the streets,  
Cut only by the howls  
Of Toms in the alleys,  
Blest with ignorance.

The creatures with hands,  
Cursed with awareness,  
Languish behind drawn blinds.  
They know, as the summer snow,  
Sandy, heavy,  
Sprinkles the rooftops,  
Slow, sick Death shines down.

They cry for the children;  
They cry for the country  
Their children will never know.  
And in their minds  
They strangle the madmen  
Who made the summer snow.

## Twilight at the River

by Randal Matheny

The sun dims gently in my face:  
Its orange tongue, lapping at the trees,  
Exposes skeletal frames,  
Command my attention.

Lower not it sits, cradled in the trees  
With soft pastels plaiting the heavens.  
Rapidly sinking from my view  
It smoothly slips away,  
Leaving soft hues behind.

Layers of clouds billow above me  
Patiently waiting in silence  
For someone to reach up and touch them.

The wind nudges a few scattered leaves  
Fallen early in autumn.  
They frolick and play leap frog with one  
another--  
But not so -- these dry little puppets  
Are but animated by the strings of the wind.

The waters of the wide Mississippi  
Tremor with the shake of the wind,  
Gliding silently oceanward,  
Shimmering in the fading light,  
Unaware of me.



## A Gentle Rain

by June Woodbridge



JUNE WOODBRIDGE

Wet drops come down  
upon the grass and the fields  
for the plants to grow,  
to cool off the earth.  
They wash the leaves,  
and freshen them.  
Leaving a sweet smell  
in the air.  
A Gentle Rain.

Birds stay in the trees  
to get their wings dewey.  
A drop taps the head of the birds,  
making him shudder,  
spreading the moisture  
over his back.  
It makes him pure again.  
With a Gentle Rain.

After the peaceful shower,  
A dove passes overhead  
to tell the world that there's no longer  
A Gentle Rain.

## The Woods

by June Woodbridge

While walking along a path,  
I see branches bent and broken,  
Observe puddles here and there,  
and view the clustered trees all about,  
with bridges to pass over the water,  
and wooden stumps to cross over.  
The trees are tall and green  
and the sun glows out from their leaves.  
Overhead drift billowy white clouds  
that enhance the blue sky.  
It gives a sense of serenity,  
a sense of peace;  
the peace of a dove.

## Old Comrade



KELLI ACRES

## Reflection

by Kelli Acres

As I see the day dying in the west,  
Sunlight lingering in my mind,  
Lying, thinking before my long night's rest,  
Is there anyone to whom I have been kind?  
Do I deserve, by my deeds, another night?  
Are my actions all that they could have been  
Now over, as upon my bed I lie?  
Today, have people seen only my sin?

Have I made anyone angry or mad,  
Making them look upon me with reproach?  
These thoughts make me grieve and a little sad  
As I see morning now softly approach.

By God's grace I have been richly blessed  
With another day of life now borrowed,  
From God my Father to do my very best  
In this world of much joy and sorrow.

by Kelli Acres

Old silver maple, my dearest, best friend.  
You comforted me when I was bereaved.  
I used to sit up so high while the wind  
Blew so mildly and sweetly through your leaves.

You were such a great hiding place for me,  
And a secret place to think of the world,  
When there was no one I wanted to see.  
You were nature to me, the great herald.

Now we both grow too old for one another.  
Your limbs are so weak, and they are withering.  
I am maturing to be a mother,  
But I shall ne'er forget your silver shimmering.

With all the memories of my life and each  
passing hour,  
I have but one wish for you and this my prayer,  
Someday my child may climb your great old  
limbs  
And hear, as I did, your sweet songs and  
hymns.



## Rumble Grab

by Robin Kirkley

Rumble Grab, Rumble Grab  
Sitting on your wall on a Sunday afternoon,  
Watching all the people just  
Passing by in their cars.

Rumble Grab, Rumble Grab  
What are they thinking about, my friend?  
You should know because you have  
Been there every Sunday afternoon.

Rumble Grab, my old friend,  
It's been such a long, long time,  
Where's your guitar, my friend?  
You just don't look right without it.

It sure is nice to see the same old smile  
For the same old simple guy.  
I'm sorry I haven't been to check you out,  
But I've been trying to make my living.

How are your friends the little blue birds,  
That used to come by and listen to your songs?  
And how's the big old tree on the gold course,  
That you used to share your stories with?

## Beautiful

by Robin Kirkley

## People

## Who

## Are

## Lonely

Walk right past,  
don't smile,  
he won't know its you.  
He's the old man on the step,  
playing his violin;  
but you didn't really  
notice him,  
as you hurried past his hat.  
He's always somewhere  
behind you,  
hungry and alone.  
You really don't care.

There's a lady on the pavement  
shivering in the night.  
She's calling for a cat  
that has no home.  
She needs the silent love,  
from her scavenging friend;  
and there's a happiness  
inside of her,  
that you would know about.  
She's just taking a rest  
from her loneliness,  
with a friend.

## Good-Bye From a Dying Man

by Keith Kenney

Early in the evening, you may find  
the lights of heaven at your feet,  
you pick one up and smile, and see,  
the things you love to hold, and hold to keep.

And yesterday, when I was young,  
the fun of living life,  
the things of love I sung.

I hold you close to me, and then I  
cry. The thought of losing you, I  
tried to hide.

I walked that night and thought of  
you, and looked to God for comfort,  
and then I knew, that life had no  
beginning, it has no end,  
so when I go I'll say, till then.

So when I die,  
please bear my son  
and teach him love that we have won,  
Show him a future and what it brings.  
Oh, my love, the pain, oh how it stings.  
Good-bye my love, my time is near.  
Please, please don't cry and never  
fear. God bless you all and please  
take care; Honey; Good-bye.

## Brighter Side of Darkness

by Keith Kenney

I was born in a place not far from here  
The sounds of a train as it passes near  
Those many dreams seem always to last  
Those many memories of my past,

There were thirteen of us in our Family  
But all of them died, now, there's just me.  
I was the youngest of my Family group  
They called me, little Johnnie Roosty Poop.

I didn't care if I was so small  
Lord, its been so long since I've seen them all  
But we had our love and much happiness  
On the brighter side of our darkness.

When I think of the time when pappa was dying  
I thought the whole valley would never stop  
crying.  
But he passed away and that was that,  
Some people say he had more lives than a cat.

Times were rough and the war was on  
And six of my brothers were already gone.  
But we kept our heads and kept going strong  
As I grew up the whole world seemed wrong.

I'd sit alone, even cry sometimes  
and tinkle with my mothers Christmas chimes  
She said these words as I sank my chest,  
son, there's a brighter side of our darkness

Well I'm fifty years old now and have thirteen of  
my own  
I hope to God you'll never be alone  
I've spoiled you rotten and thats how it should  
be  
Cause God gave you little buzzards to me.

Do what right in life and you won't go wrong  
And stay with the Lord, you'll always grow  
strong  
You'll always be poor and think you'll have less  
But there's always a brighter side of our  
darkness

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